

## Daily Democrat.

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For Judge of Court of Appeals,  
R. K. WILLIAMS,  
OF GRAVES COUNTY.

District composed of Allen, Butler, Beckwith, Ballard, Campbell, Caldwell, Crittendon, Christian, Davies, Edmonson, Fulton, Graves, Grayson, Hancock, Hickman, Henderson, Hopkins, Livingston, Lyon, Lucas, Marshall, McCracken, Meigs, Melroe, Miller, Morgan, Todd, Trimble, Union, Warren, and Webster.

Kentucky is called on for her quota of the three hundred thousand troops, which will be four regiments of infantry. She is authorized, besides, to raise three regiments of cavalry for twelve months' service, the chief use of which is to clean this State of guerrillas and keep the peace. Let Kentucky do her whole duty. Other States are adding the cause by subscriptions of individuals and corporations, as well as appropriations of States, to encourage enlistment. Now is the time for every man to do his duty. If he can't enlist himself, let him contribute to help one or more who can. One raid of robbers will destroy more than enough to keep them hereafter out of the State.

We have now constant rumors of marauding bands, ready to make another foray into sections of the State where there are no troops to meet them. These are exaggerated, no doubt, by the friends of these marauders, to create confusion and alarm, and embarrass preparations to meet them. The short and effectual way to put an end to the danger of raids upon our soil, to the damage of life and property, is to raise the troops at once, and thus render secure our own homes and families.

Let no rumors, or facts adverse or otherwise, make us hesitate for a moment. This is a contest for free government. The question whether republicanism is to live or die in the world, is at hand, and there is no way to conclude the experiment in favor of free government but by supporting the Union as our fathers left it. There is no place now for war and untold arrangements. This armed rebellion must be suppressed, no matter at what cost, or republicanism stands before the world condemned as unfit for the government and good order of society.

We, therefore, call now upon every man to do his duty. Kentucky has wisely taken her stand against the Yandals who would break up and destroy the great ocean-bound Republic. The traitors, not content with their own efforts at unbridled evil, are inviting foreigners, the hereditary enemies of free government, to come in to despoil our inheritance. Can the indignation of any Kentuckian sleep before such a suggestion? Shall we invite back the foreign hordes and their influence whom our fathers drove away—invite them to replant their pestilent institutions upon this continent?

Now is the hour to repeat the lesson our fathers taught all Europe—that Americans shall rule America; that republicanism is no sickly plant on our soil; that it will stand the storms of adversity, and come out only better founded than ever. Don't let the ill-counselors that are suggested deter any man from the effort. Trust to the good sense and virtue of the people of the United States to bring all out safe at last. Show that our boast of popular intelligence is not a vain one; that our nerves are not shaken by the tempest of war, or by the creaking of evil spirits; that we will defend our inheritance with the first and last dollar, and the first and last drop of blood.

Let every man awake to his duty, and teach all mankind that no impudent marauder shall invade our soil again with impunity; and that Kentucky will be the last to give up the last hope of the world for free government.

Our readers will recollect the card of Col. R. T. Jacob, published the other day. Steadily one hundred men responded to the call. Mr. Jacob, it will be seen by a card this morning, is authorized to raise a regiment of twelve months' cavalry. His camp will be at Eminence next Wednesday. Hurry up the men. Let's have the regiment in a week; it's needed.

The Eastern papers brag on Dr. Winship's strength, because he can take up a thousand pounds. That is nothing. We have a policeman in Louisville who has taken up a hundred men, weighing an average of 170 pounds a piece.

An exchange says that the Southern navy would have to serve an apprenticeship to our commodores before it could be efficient. Unfortunately the blockade allows none of them to be "boarded out."

The telegraph report of the taking of the rebel gunboat Arkansas only meant that she was laid in irons and, unfortunately, the irons are nearly shot proof.

The Richmond Enquirer says that Gen. Lee intended to bag McClellan, but didn't. Hadn't he better get some more bags?

All the horses Morgan left in exchange were very thin. We can account for this by remembering they had all been pressed.

Commodore Dahlgren is called an "old file," we suppose, because in spiking the enemy's cannon a file is vents them.

Rebels needn't expect to fight our gunboats, when they don't know how to fight their own.

Morgan's manner of getting horses ought to awaken the rivalry of the other members of the press.

The ultras on each side bellow noisily; but, of course, nothing but wind is expected from a pair of bellows.

C. S. A. can't escape running on the rocks of destruction. Its draft is too heavy.

The Constitution of the United States speaks of two kinds of taxes, direct taxes and indirect taxes. Direct taxes are to be apportioned among the several States "according to their respective numbers;" and duties, imposts and excises are to be "uniform throughout the United States." Now, what are direct taxes? The general idea is that indirect taxes are such as duties on imports, in which the consumer does not pay a tax directly to the government but indirectly through the importer. But, so far as the government is concerned, such taxes are direct in the sense supposed, for the importer pays them directly to the Government.

This subject came before the Supreme Court in 1796. In the year 1794 Congress passed an act laying a tax upon carriages, making the levy uniform throughout the United States. If this was a direct tax, it was unconstitutional, because it was not apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers. If apportioned according to numbers, two States having the same population would have had to pay the same amount, though one of the States may have had 1,000 carriages, and the other only 100, the owner of a carriage in one State having to pay ten times as much as the owner of a carriage in the other State. Thus, if a citizen of the former State paid eight dollars for his carriage, a citizen of the latter would pay eighty dollars. Daniel Hylton refused to pay, contending that the tax was unconstitutional. The two Justices of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia were divided in opinion, and the matter was brought before the Supreme Court, which decided that the tax on carriages was not a direct tax in the meaning of the Constitution. Judge Chase was inclined to think the direct taxes contemplated by the Constitution are only two—a capitation, or poll-tax, which is expressly mentioned as a direct tax, and a tax on land. And this is now the general opinion.

Col. Roger Hanson is now at Fort Delaware, a low island surrounded by the deep waters of the Delaware, and Rogers sits up dry on the wettest part of the fort and looks far and near over Father Mathew's element, and licks his own dry fauces as he looks, and exclaims with Coleridge,

Water, water every where,  
But not a drop to drink.

Can't our neighbor send a jug to Roger?

It is charged and admitted by Senator Simmons that he received a bribe. As the Senate did not expel him they must have thought a little money received was "a bribe-simmons."

A marble-yard man in Philadelphia offers a tombstone for our soldiers. That is decidedly the most equivocal way of showing one's loyalty of which we have yet heard.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 2d says Gen. Lee is now the rising man. We take it that is a polite way of saying he is "about gone up."

Grind your swords for the latest struggle, says an Augusta (Ga.) paper. Ground arms is just what we expect from them.

The radicals thought that the President squinted at their scheme, but they found he was not A-Blincoln at all.

Pope is writing too many orders. Better be careful of Pope's Bull might be a blunder.

The game of imposing a monarch on Mexico seems to have resulted in check King.

Morgan poured his forces into Kentucky, but he made a poor out.

The English and American Tax.—The London Times and other rebel papers make a tremendous fuss on account of the heavy taxes America will now have to collect. Let facts speak: The return made on the 26th of last May of the amount of receipts by the customs, duties, and taxation in Great Britain exhibits the fact that their revenues from taxes from various sources amount to over two hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars, sold from custom duties; and that, too, with a total population of less than thirty millions. All that is contemplated to be raised by our government by direct tax under the recent law is one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or nearly one hundred millions less than the tax imposed upon the citizens of Great Britain; while our entire population is two millions larger, including slaves, and only about one million and a half less without the slaves. The subjects of John Bull have, therefore, to submit to a tax of upwards of eight dollars per head, while we will have a tax imposed of only four and a half dollars per head.

On Saturday, the 19th, a private in a cavalry battalion at Danville, Kentucky, became intoxicated and very disorderly, when his Lieutenant reprimanded him for his noisy conduct. The soldier drew a pistol and fired at the Lieutenant, missing him, the ball taking effect in the side of another soldier, named John Harris, of the Pennsylvania cavalry, who lingered until Sunday evening, when he expired. The deceased was a young man of fine morals, and beloved by all his comrades. A fearful responsibility will rest not only upon him who committed the act, but also upon those who sold him the poison that made him a demon.

RETURN OF A PRISONER.—Mr. A. S. Nourse, of the late firm of Levitt, Nourse & Co., Memphis, Tennessee, who was banished the city about six months ago and immured in prison at Columbus, Mississippi, reached the city on Saturday. Mr. Nourse was regarded as a Union man when the Confederates held away, and one of the charges alleged against him was that he thought the Federal army would be in Memphis in three months. For that, and other equally heinous offenses, he was sent into exile at Columbus, Mississippi.

RELEASED.—The New Orleans Bee learns with gratification that Mrs. Phillips and Judge Andrews have been released from Ship Island, where they were sent some time since by order of Gen. Butler.

NOT KILLED.—Captain Henry J. Biddle, A. A. General, McClellan's Division, who was reported killed, it has been ascertained is wounded and a prisoner in Richmond.

## THE BRIDAL WREATH.

BY ELLIOTT.

We made it for her bride,  
This wreath of flowers fair;  
See where this drooping leaf  
Has lightly touched her hair.

In robes of misty lavender,  
Like woe of woeen light,  
She dawned upon my vision,  
With faintest strange delight.

We always knew her lovely,  
This child of our old days;  
But there were sorrowful  
When we would give her peace.

It seemed but yesterday  
She trotted off her side,  
With baby feet, nutcracker,  
Our darling and our pride.

And lo! her magic language,  
Where love alone deluged,  
A wealth of thoughts and feelings  
Flooded in her mind.

Last night she knelt before me,  
So tremulous and pale;  
I placed this wreath of flowers  
Upon her bridal veil.

And kneeling there—O! what her  
And gave our child away,  
To him whose love had banished  
The sunlight from our day.

His locks were black as ebony,  
And eyes were like the snow;  
Her voice was sweet, golden,  
And mine was white, I know.

You laid your hand on mine, love;  
I heard the words you said,  
The sun that sets in our lives  
Is rising on our head.

But I must keep this garden,  
That I have planted so;  
For every year's blossom  
Was woven with a prayer.

A rosy of flowers,  
I tell it to you true,  
An early wedding ring,  
With happy memories new.

Taking a Prisoner.

During the recent raid of Johnny Morgan and his gang "the scoundrels" in this State, several incidents occurred that are worthy of mention.

In one of the upper counties lived two neighbors—one Union, the other Secesh. The former had better crops, finer horses, prettier girls, and more of them, which seemed to cause a little jealous feeling to arise in the bosom of Seesh. It was well known, in that part of the country, that Johnny Morgan was "drawing on the banks," making "eight draughts on blooded horses," raising "raw recruits," and such other demonstrations as would stamp his name forever as "one of the b'hoys." Seesh knew it, and he was determined to have his neighbor taken in and cared for.

One bright, sunny afternoon a lot of hard-looking "chivalry," the advance scout of Morgan's men, came dashing up the road, when Seesh, with hat waving high in the air, ran out and halted them.

"Any Union men 'bout here?" said a chap whose face was as slim as a shingle and about the color of a pumpkin.

"Wall, yes," said Seesh.

"Ar' you one?" said another of the "solitary horsemen," whose eyes glared like two burned holes in a blanket.

"Me one? Nary time no, Sir-ee! I'm Seesh all over—always have been."

"Bully for you," said the leader, looking about. "Is there any Lincolns about here?"

"Wall, yes; and I wish you'd take him up."

"Show us where he is; and suiting the action to the word, Seesh took the lead and the chivalry followed. They went but a short distance down the road, when they discovered, in a field close by, a tall, hale, hearty man, following his plow, and whistling a melody of Union airs, while the birds of the neighboring grove were chanting the chorus, and doing their best to learn Yankee Doodle after his fashion.

"Hello!" said the leader of the chivalry. The Union man stopped his horses, and, turning around, replied:

"What'll ye have?"

"You come out here—we want to see you," said another.

"You do, eh?" said the sturdy farmer, leaving his plow and stepping towards them.

"We have been informed by this gentleman (pointing to Seesh) that you are one of Abe Lincoln's worshippers."

"You have, eh? Well, I'm a Union man from the ground up. What are you going to do about it?"

"We're going to take you prisoner and put a guard over you until the main force comes along, which will be to-night or early in the morning."

"Yes," said Seesh, "put a strong guard over him, for he needs close watching."

They took the farmer to a school-house close by, and, to the great astonishment of Seesh, he was appointed to stand guard over his neighbor until the main force should arrive, when he (Union) would be "gobbed up." They gave Seesh a gun that they had doubtless stolen, and gave him orders that, if he left, he would be shot, and if his prisoner attempted to escape to shoot him; and they dashed off, leaving Seesh in charge.

All night he watched, and, when the morning dawned, they were seated at a table in the solitary prison, conversing on different topics, when, to their surprise, the shrill notes of a bugle were heard. Both arose hurriedly, and, looking down the road, a terrible dust was ascending.

"That's Morgan!" said Seesh; "what shall I tell you folks? Prepare, for I'll have to give you up in their hands!"

Union gave him a look of defiance, and turned away from the window.

But further down the road another terrible storm of dust was arising. Union knew what it meant. Near and more near they approached. Seesh put his gun down, as he walked out in the road to hail them. Union misplaced it, and followed in the rear. Up they come, full flight. Seesh grew excited, and, as they neared him, cheered them, saying:

"Go it, my Morgan!"

"Hurray, my Smith!" said Union, waving his hat, and cheering their pursuers.

"Oh, you bully Morgan!"

"Oh, you bully Smith!"

"Go it, my bully boy with the glass eye!" yelled Seesh.

"Whoop 'em up, my boys! H-o-o-o-y!" my Smith!" cried Union.

On went the chivalry on their mad eke-kaddie, and Smith close by.

"Get ten dollars he don't ketch him!" said Seesh.

"Done it—up with the dough!"

"I'll go and get the money."

"No you won't—nary time!" said Union,

pointing the gun at the head of Seesh, whose eyes glared, his knees knocked together, his ears flew back, and his hair bristled, and who finally dropped on his knees, begging for mercy. A smile lit the countenance of Union when he looked upon the horrid face of his neighbor, and said:

"Seesh, you're played out—my prisoner. Come, follow me; and if you attempt to run, I'll blow a hole through you that a greyhound could jump through."

Seesh arose, and, walking as if he was afraid of the earth sinking under him, followed Union to the town of P—, where the latter handed him over to the proper authorities, saying:

"Here's a Seesh who took me prisoner yesterday; just take him in and have him cared for."

Seesh, looking at his neighbor imploringly, said:

"Tell my folks how it is 'an' where I'm at, won't you?"

"Oh, yes. Here's your gun; you might have use for it to guard another of your neighbors. You'd better take it."

The guard of the prison said he would "see-Seesh-in," and, upon examination, the gun was found to have been empty all the time.

Union went home with a smile beaming from his happy countenance and his voice gently floating on the summer winds, that bore his sweetest accents through the groves, "Here's yer mule."

## Letter from Spencer County.

MOORE LIVES, Ky., July 28, 1862.

Editors Democrat:—Gentlemen: Having seen a notice in the Journal some few days ago in relation to Dr. Thomas Allen, formerly of Taylorville, Ky., but now a captain in Morgan's band of cut-throats, I wish to correct that article in several particulars, and place Allen in his true position before the public.

"Tom came to Taylorville to see a sick child." This is true, but Tom was whipped the day before, and so was his brother Jack. The fight took place at New Hope, or near it. They had two hundred and fifty men. They were met by nine pickets (Union), who dismounted, tied their horses to the fence, fell flat on the road and loaded and fired three times; when overpowered they retreated, leaving their horses. Allen's men went forward to take the horses, when they were fired upon by the Union soldiers from a thicket.

The Allen's had two men killed and wounded. All the wounded have since died. Tom Allen separated them, separated, taking different directions. Captain Tom Allen rode six miles, and his horse being exhausted he stopped to rest them. He was again followed by the Union soldiers for a distance of twelve miles, when the fight was renewed, and John Logan, a desperado in Allen's band, had his horse shot under him, and he mounted another horse, who was wounded by a bayonet, and with this horse reached Fairfield at dusk, to receive the congratulations of Terrel A. Merchant in Spencer county, who was in this fight, also, that Ferman was killed, or rather wounded. He died next day, and his father went up next day (Sunday) and brought back the body with him, which was buried on Tuesday following, on Elk creek, in Spencer county.

In Morgan's company, gives this account, and said that he did not know what the Union horses were made of, for they went the twelve miles full gallop, and, when they overtook them, killed Ferman right on the road. My informant was born and raised in Louisville, and is not over sixteen years old.

Rogan's horse died about ten minutes after he dismounted from him in Fairfield. He was killed by a bullet from his men, and reached Bloomfield at ten o'clock in the night on Saturday. At Bloomfield he met Vincent Ash, a member of the Legislature from Anderson county, who went with him to Taylorville, which place they reached at twelve o'clock, P. M.

In the article published in the Journal Tom Allen is represented as only a surgeon in Morgan's band. This is not the fact. He raised his company in Spencer county, and every man in Taylorville knows it.

Yes, Sir, he raised them as follows: He was in many instances, to the parents, and told them that he wanted to take their sons to join Rousseau, to whip Buckner, and that they would be back again in thirty days. He, in this way, deceived the young men until he got them away. This I am prepared to prove by several of the young men that he attempted to deceive. I can also establish it by the parents.

In the next place, the article in the Journal said that, on his arrival in Taylorville, there was no demonstration. This is a lie. When he arrived in Taylorville, he was met by a great number of people, and he was escorted to a house, where he was lodged.

Allen left Taylorville at 9 o'clock on Saturday, and was accompanied by not less than fifty people to Bloomfield; Vincent Ash among the rest.

This gentleman, is a plain statement of the case.

In addition to the above, when Allen came to Taylorville, he had no coat, for he lost it in his flight when Ferman was killed, in the last charge of our soldiers.

I do not know how many Unionists were in the fight; and my informant did not say that any of them were killed.

The sheriff of Spencer county borrowed a coat for Tom Allen.

The people of Bloomfield were looking for Morgan for some days before he got there; and the Allen's and others were the guests of Dr. Goe. Corn, hay, and oats were brought in great abundance, two or three days before they arrived, and every house was turned into a kitchen to prepare food for them when they got there.

There can be no doubt whatever but that the whole thing was concocted in Louisville and Bloomfield. However, as I know all of the leaders, or many of them at least, both in your city and Bloomfield, they cannot and shall not longer escape exposure. And now to close for the present. I must be permitted to declare, from evidence which will hereafter appear, that Bloomfield, Fairfield and their vicinities are the fountain-head of all the treason of the State, and unless it is stopped at those points it is useless to try to stop it anywhere else.

Yours, VINDICATOR.

SPENCER COUNTY.—A Perry county gentleman informs us that he met a "Union" (?) man from Spencer county, last week, who accosted him in language something like this:

"How are things going politically up in Perry county?"

"All for the Union in Perry county," said our informant.

"How is it in Spencer?"

"Well, we have some Union down here in Spencer, but I am afraid the d-d Democrats are going to beat us this fall. Our only chance of defeating them is to cry Seesh like the d—!"

Such is the delusion to be the programme throughout the State.—Cincinnati Republican.

On Thursday, on the up freight train on the Jeffersonville road, near Greenwood, with several car loads of cotton, the bales on one of them was discovered to be on fire.

The roof of the car was burned, and the burning cotton was tumbled out. The sparks were supposed to have originated from the fire from the locomotive.

The following persons, arrested in Bracken county, were taken to the Newport Barracks yesterday: P. W. Nowell, Henry Caldwell, James J. Lindsey, Cambridge Barnes, Fairfax Barnes, Albion Barnes, Mathias Davis and Wm. Coyne.

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## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, now backward, oh time, in your flight,  
Take me a child again, just for tonight,  
Take me again to your heart, as of yore—  
Smooth the low silver threads of care,  
Smooth the low silver threads of care,  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, now backward, oh time of years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears—  
And without compass—take all in vain—  
Take them and give me my childhood again.  
I have grown weary of sorrow and pain,  
Weary of flinging my soul-wrath away,  
Weary of dwelling far from home,  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you!  
Yet with strong passion the heart is torn,  
Bliss and pain—oh! how they are torn!  
Long I to-night for your presence again,  
Long I to-night for your presence again,  
Long I to-night for your presence again,  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

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Rock me to sleep, mother







### Notice to Owners of Property.

**PAVING AND REPAIRING OF SIDEWALKS.**

The owners of lots and parts of lots designated below, are hereby informed that ordinances have been passed by the Council, approved and published, requiring the owners of the lots and parts of lots shown in front of their respective lots, and if they fail to have the same properly done within thirty days from the date hereof, the work will be done under a contract at the expense of lot owners, as provided for in the 3d section of the file article of the City Charter; all drains from lots or houses to be conveyed under the sidewalks in iron pipes in accordance with the specifications regulating the same. The said work, when executed, to be received by the City Engineer; and if not done in every respect in accordance with specifications regulating sidewalk paving, to be repaired at the expense of the property owners.

To repair and repave the sidewalks on both

NORTH SIDE.		Feet.	Inch.
Dr. J. C. Johnson.	122	2	4
Louisville & Frankfort R. R. Co.	105	0	0
Alpha Terrell.	50	2	0
Mrs. Henrietta Swearingen.	25	0	0
Bob H. H.	25	0	0
African Baptist Church.	50	10	0
Mrs. C. A. Osborn.	25	10	0
Wm. Murray.	50	10	0
Howles.	50	10	0
U. Ulrich.	25	0	6
Caro Pfalzer.	26		
SOUTH SIDE.			
Dr. J. C. Johnson.	132		
Worden P. Hahn.	22		
Mrs. E. Frederick.	15		
John Fischer.	18	4	
G. W. Simmons, guardian for A. Simmons.	16		
R. B. Hinkle.	26		
Al. North's heirs.	25		
B. S. Anderson.	28		
J. P. Richardson.	26		

City of Louisville.....	25	2
Thomas Batman.....	26	2
John Mitchell.....	28	6
Misses Louisa and Margaret		
Crow.....	24	
J. P. Seibert.....	17	
F. Quast.....	34	
H. Miller.....	17	
H. T. vis.....	20	
W. Wilson.....	17	
JOHN M. DELPH, Mayor.		
Mayor's Office, July 23, 1862.    jy25 d10		

**RIVER NEWS.**

**55.** The river was falling last evening, with four feet five inches water in the canal by the mark. The weather was warm and cloudy.

**56.** The Portland bar has again become troublesome. The New Albany ferryboat coming over yesterday with a heavy load grounded, and the Star Grey Eagle was also fast for a few hours.

**PA.** Business yesterday was very dull, with very few arrivals and departures. Gen. Buell, Cincinnati; Sandy Valler, Madison; Henry Fitzhugh, Cincinnati; to Tennessee river, and the Star Gray Eagle, Henderson.

**FOR CINCINNATI.**—The Major Anderson is the mailboat at noon to-day, and the Gen. Buell to-morrow.

**FOR HANCOCK.**—The Big Grey Eagle is the Monday packet for Henderson, leaving at 5 p. m.

**PA.** The Fitzhugh passed down yesterday, but may not get over the Portland bar.

**PA.** The Dacotah, Captain Hendrickson, will leave for St. Louis this morning at 10 o'clock.

**22**—The Sir Wm. Wallace left last night for Cincinnati with the 700 paroled soldiers from Murfreesboro.

**23**—The Memphis Bulletin of the 20th says: The river is still slowly falling at this point. The weather has been intensely hot, and a summer shower about five o'clock this afternoon, while it actually laid the dust to rest, did not appear to have cooled the atmosphere in any perceptible degree.

Business has not been brisk on the river to-day, although the number of boats lying there gave the landing somewhat the aspect of a fair time. About ten

The W. H. B., from Vicksburg, brought some interesting news from that point, which will be found in another column.

The Howena, for St. Louis, left with a good cargo and a good number of passengers.

There is now only thirty inches water over the bar at Blauvelt's, the Ohio No. 3 cut in yesterday morning, having run aground and been detained 24 hours at that place. The Steamer No. 3 arrived here from Wheeling, and unless a further rise takes place in the river, she will cease to run in her present trade until the fall season comes on.

The officers of the Arizona, which arrived here last evening, report having passed the Henry Fitzhugh a little way below Rising Sun bar, on her way to Nash ville.

☞ We find the following item in yesterday's

Our shipbuilders have under way, or contract, six or seven new steamers, to be completed for the fall trade. They are also doing this season an unusual amount of repairing to old boats. The business has been better this year for boatbuilders than for six years. The value of labor performed, it is estimated, will reach \$4,000,000. One of the gunboats has been finished and the other will be completed the latter part of the week.

OFFICE OF THE LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT. }  
Saturday Evening, July 6. }

The market for Gold and Silver is declining rapidly, bankers not being disposed to buy, and sales being few and far between. We quote to-day the buying rates for Gold at 114; Silver and Demand Notes at 112. Gold is held by dealers at 114 1/2, and silver at 112 1/2. In other respects we have no changes to note.

WHEAT AND GRAIN.—Sales of 20,000 bushels at 52 1/2 cts.

3,500 bushels Wheat at \$69.00; 100 bushels Rye at 80.  
GROCERIES—Sales of 4 bbls extra yellow Sugar  
12½¢; 5 bbls refined at 14; 7 bbls yellow at 11¢; 12 bags  
Coffee at 24c.  
CHEESE—Sales of 50 boxes at 53½¢.  
COTTON YARNS—A small sale at 29, 25, 23 and 27.  
HAT—Sales of 40 tons at \$12.50@14.50.  
MANUFACTURED TOBACCO—Sales of 200 caddies at 13¢;  
15 boxes at 20¢@32; 10 butts, 50 boxes, 50 caddies at 33¢;  
50 boxes at 20¢@32; 10

NAILS—We notice an advance, with sales of 200 kegs at \$3.10 for 199; 50 kegs at \$3.25; smaller quantities at \$3.50.

WHISKY—55 bbls at 25c.

LEAF TOBACCO—Sales of 60 bbls, as follows: 1 at 25c; 2 at \$7.25; 3 at \$13 at \$4.00; 50; 12 at \$9.00; 20 at \$10.00; 10 at \$11.00; 15; 6 at \$12.00; 12; 2 at \$13.00; 13; 5 at \$14.00; 14; 5 at \$15.00; 15; 2 at \$16.00; 16; 2 at \$17.00; 17; 5 at \$18.00.

**Louisville Cattle Market.**

Louisville, July 26.

The following is a report of the receipts, sales, &c., of live stock, for the week ending to-day, as received by our reporter at the stock yards:

**AT BOURBON HOUSE.**

The receipts, sales and transactions of live stock at

The Southern States during the past week have been marked by no material change. The arrivals of all kinds of live stock have been good, and a fair business has been done by the traders and speculators. The receipts of cattle have been heavy, and a good many light cattle remain over unsold. Heavy cattle are in demand, and meet with ready sale. Messrs. Bill & Co. shipped on head of very fine cattle, to the Eastern market. These average weight was 1,600 lbs per head. There were but few purchased by com-

**PRICES.**  
**COWS AND CALVES.**—We quote at from \$20 60 to \$25 00 per head.  
**CATTLE.**—Prices range at \$1 50 to \$2 25 for common and good, and \$2 50 to \$3 25 per 100 lbs. for extra and

Sheep and Lambs—We quote at \$1.50 @ \$2.25 @ head.  
 Hogs—We quote at \$2.25 @ \$2.50 @ 100 lbs gross for slop  
 fed; corn fed at \$2.75 @ \$3.25.

RECEIPTS.  
 Total number of cattle—257. Sheep and lambs—375.  
 Hogs—127.

M. A. DOWNING, Proprietor.  
 SHELBY HORSE.

The receipts and sales of live stock at this yard during the week ending to-day have been very good, and we anticipate that the above will be about the average.

about the same as last week. There was again a good supply of cattle in market during the past week, and they were mostly common and second rate; about 20 head in the yard unsold at present. A good many first rate and fair cattle were again bought by the Government contractors; prices for good cattle about the same as last week; common and poor selling somewhat lower. The market was well supplied with hogs, and nearly all were sold; only twenty head on

market at present; prices unchanged. There was a fair supply of sheep the past week, and market in favor of buyers; prices ranging a little lower.

PRICES.

CATTLE—We quote first quality and extra at \$2 75 \$2 25 to \$1 00; second and third rates at \$1 75 \$1 25.

HOGS—We quote at \$2 00 \$3 50 to \$1 00; the gross.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—We quote at \$1 50 \$2 25 to head.

COWS AND CALVES—We quote at \$15 00 \$25 00 to head.

RECEIPTS.

Total number of cattle—312. Hogs—413. Sheep and  
lambs—423.

**GEO. M. YACER, Proprietor.**

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**Wanted,**

**500 MULES, AGED FROM THREE TO EIGHT**  
years old, fourteen hands high and upwards.  
Inquire of **E. BARROW,**  
1724 31st Third . . . . . between Jackson and Market.

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